

New life, new identity

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Summary: Eret, son of Eret had a sister. Cynus did not want to be a dragon trapper. A dragon she saved took her from her family but gave her a new life and a choice of who she wants to be. Summary sucks but story would be better.

New life, new identity

Somewhere...

" father, I don't want this. I don't want to kill dragons. " Cynus, daughter of Eret said while her father dresses her up in armor.

However the father rebuts, " you haven't even tried it yet. Surely you will love it, just like your brother does. "

" but I don't want blood of other creatures staining my hands, I don't wanna feel the guilt... " Cynus continued, clearly unhappy before trailing off.

" enough nonsense! You know that this initiation ceremony is important to our family! So stop whining and follow your brother. He will be your guide. The two of you will trap a dragon and tomorrow you will kill it in front of everyone. " Eret said, finished with the conversation.

Cynus, unhappy, dragged her feet towards the door, where her brother is waiting for her.

Begrudgingly, she followed her brother. Their destination, the forest. There are a few dragons there, so they should be able to trap one.

Eret, son of Eret, noticed his sister's unhappy face, decided to comfort her.

" don't worry, you'll learn to love trapping. It's in your blood.
"

That however did not do any good. Cynus 's dislike towards her clan and their actions, wasting precious lives, grew. But she always kept that thought hidden, as far as she knew, no one will ever know.

Then Eret stopped walking, effectively stopping Cynus as well.

He spotted a dragon... Cynus thought, afterall nothing stops her brother from talking besides dragon trapping.

Eret set up a trap within traps for that unfortunate dragon. First he placed a fish on a jaw trap then a net in place to catch it when it's feasting.

Then he waited with Cynus right beside him. The trap worked... But Cynus thought it was the lamest idea for a trap, ever.

Then Cynus began to dread the next day. She had to kill! She is not ready, possibly never will be.

She looked at the dragon as Eret started dragging it towards their home. (maybe that's how he got those arms in HTTYD2) It was a night fury. Cynus had read the book of dragons written by the chief to know it was a night fury.

It wasn't black in colour like most night furies, it was a very dark shade of blue. It's wing span is huge to Cynus who was 10 and small in size. It also had yellow eyes with its pupils constricted. Nothing strange about it.

That night, she thought really hard about what she wanted. To become part of the clan and trap dragons for life? She hates that kind of life but what else can she do? She looked at the weapons lying on her bed. Twin dagger like blades, given by her father during dinner.

Deciding that a walk would help clear her mind, Cynus started on her stroll though the village. Unknowingly, her legs brought her to the dragons' keep. A place to store dragons before being killed in the initiation ceremony.

She thought about that dragon, the night fury... There was something more about the creature than meets the eye.(lol! Transformers quote. Forgive me!) Steeling up her guts, Cynus walked inside the keep.

The night fury was awake, staring straight at her. Cynus took a deep breath and walked closer. Both of them had a staring contest before Cynus took out fish meant as tribute for the dragon.

The dragon took the fish, allowing Cynus to go closer. Then the dragon spit out a half eaten fish right on the soon to be trapper's lap.

Cynus felt disgusted. She did not like raw food much less covered in dragon saliva. The dragon then gestured for her to eat. Cynus could not reject that request, the dragon might eat her, being so close and all. She hesitated before taking a bite.

It taste disgusting! But she managed to swallow, making a face before smiling and offered the fish back. The dragon smiled back at least it attempted to. Cynus noticed a change in the dragon. Instead of constricted pupils she used to see, she saw dilated ones, reminding her of a puppy she had before.

Cynus decided that she liked this dragon, it was the only thing that she had shown her true self to besides her brother and father. She didn't want it to die tomorrow.

She had to do something. Taking her blades, she weakened the chains holding her dragon friend down, just enough that it could break free. Then she left, getting ready for tomorrow. At least that dragon would be safe.

In the morning, while Cynus was getting ready. Her armor on correctly, check. Her weapons strapped securely on her waist, check. Her mid long hair tied up and out of the way, check.

She didn't want to kill but she just had to Suck it up and be a good daughter of Eret.

Bringing her lunch she packed, she walked towards the training field when her life changed.

She heard a horn blow, that meant an attack! An attack on her clan had been unheard of.

She rushed back towards the village center. And spotted the night fury, the same one she helped along with other dragons that were in the keep. The night fury rushed straight at her, grabbed her and took to the skies.

Both Erets, father and son, saw their daughter and sister taken away from them.

Eret, son of Eret felt an overwhelming hate towards dragons. They took his sister away from him. His job as trapper soon turned into a hobby and an obsession to get back his sister from those monsters.

Eret, the father never recovered from the loss of his daughter. His daughter looked so much like her mother. From the dark brown, almost black hair to her blue eyes and that beautiful smile she gives. Those weapons were her mother's. Now he lost both mother and daughter.

Suffering from depression, daughter lost, runaway son, Eret died from a broken heart.

End
file.